### MISAPPREHENSIONS.



HE WAS teacher in a remote Illinois country district. No one knew her as she drove slowly along the muddy turnpike. Seeing a man loading hay from a stack near the road, she reined her horse.

"Ho, hullo! can you tell me where Mr. Todd, the school director, lives?" she shouted against the strong March wind blowing in her

The man got off the stack and came to the fence. He could not come to the buggy, because turnpiking the road had made a ditch, which was filled with water by the spring thaw. So he stood by the fence, with one foot on the lower board, as she repeated her question.

"I'm him," was the laconic reply. "I wished to see you about the school.

I'm a teacher.' He regarded her with a contempla-

tive stare for a minute. "Humph!" he said, breaking a long

splinter off the top board and chewing it meditatively.

Well, you drive round to the house behind them popplers. There's nobody home, but I'll be up presently." She saw in the direction indicated by his hand a farmhouse, beyond a double

windbreak of Lombardy poplars. "Keep well to the left as you turn the corner. The bottom is all out, where the sun gets to the frost," he called

"And you hired her, father?" "Yes," replied Mr. Todd from the

after her.

depths of his weekly paper. Mrs. Todd and her son, Morton, had been to the village six miles away, with butter and eggs. They brought the mail for the neighborhood.

"But the other directors?" pursued

"Too muddy for a woman to be rid-

the sitting-room lamp. The mosquitoes are getting troublesome out here."

As she read "Wake Robin" aloud in softly modulated tones a new world opened to the boy.
Years after Morton Todd looked back

from the chair of natural history in

the state university to that evening as

the impetus of his intellectual life, and feels glad his companion did not suspect what was then in his foolish young The full June moon shone upon two walking slowly along the country road. A young man in gray jeans, trousers tucked in his boots, and the school

teacher. She was going home from the spelling school and the mile road was so lonely.

Some steps led over the fence to a path across the pasture.

"Let us go this way," she suggested. The fire-flies were flashing over the damp meadow and she sat at the top step a moment to look at them. He took his hat off and stood beside the

"I wish I could tell you something," he began, hesitatingly.

"I will gladly listen," said the sympathetic voice, encouragingly, A tale of wrongdoing, dishonesty and

deception followed, in an eager burst of confidence.

"I don't know why I tell you. I hate it. I must live better!"

"A man needs woman's sympathy to " she said, as he grasped her hand, Then she came down the steps,

"This soft moonlight makes me think of Tillie May," she went on, gently.

"I do not know what her father would do with all those boys without her. She is always so loving and bright." Then the conversation drifted to other

Tillie May makes an excellent wife. The upright young farmer remembers a night in June when he first thought of her in that light, and is glad that he did not continue his confidences with his unsuspectin companion.

July is ended, and the school term with it. Mr. Barnes, the other director, has just signed the last money order and handed it to the teacher,

REV. SAM JONES.

The Revivalist Had a Parting Bit of Fun With His Audience. An amusing incident occurred at the

close of San Jones" sermon at Pulaski the other day. Stepping down from the pulpit, folding his hands across his breast and looking solemnly over the audience, the great revivalist said:

"I want all the women in this crowd who have not spoken a harsh word or harbored an unkind thought toward their husbands for a month past to stand up."

One old woman, apparently on the shady side of 60, stood up.
"Come forward and give me your

band," said the preacher. The woman did so.

"Now turn and let this audience see the best looking woman in the coun-

After taking her seat the revivalist addressed the men:

"Now, I want all the men in this crowd who have not spoken a hard word or harbored an unkind thought toward their wives, to stand up."

Twenty-seven great big, strapping fellows hopped out of the audience with all the alacrity of champagne

"Come forward and give me your

hands, my dear boys." Jones gave each one a vigorous shake after which he ranged them all side by side in front of the pulpit and facing the audience. He looked them over carefully and solemnly, and then, turning around to the audience, he said:

"I want you all to take a good look at the twenty-seven biggest liars in the state of Tennessee."—Hartwell Sun.

#### The Ladles.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions, makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

Preposterous Proposition. Traveler-"You have a magnificent

farm for sheep raising, but I don't see

any sheep on the place."

Arkansaw Farmer-"Sheep? No. my dogs would kill 'em off in no time." "Then why don't you kill off your

"Kill off my dogs? Say, don't let any of my folks hear you talkin' that-away. Why, Great Scott, mister, them hounds of mine have brought me more than \$50 in clean cash in the last three years fur premiums at dog shows!"

#### She Always Does.

"His mother-in-law has gone to see

"I shouldn't think she would."

"He called her an old cat the last time she was to see him."

"Well, she justifies the name-the cat came back, you know."

#### Tobacco-Stinking Breath.

Not pleasant to always carry around, out it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacce keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impotent. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up-quit. No To Bac is a sure, quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Unicago.

## A Small Boys Good Memory.

One of the dentists of this city has a coclous child of about four summers. The bright little fellow keeps his father and mother wide awake during the whole day by his wit and keemess. When the child was about two years of age his parents visited Niagara Falls. Baby went along. The other day a friend of the family was at the house, and she spoke of Niagara. The 4-year-old quickly spoke up that he had been there. His mother told him that he certainly could not remember it, but the child said that he could. His mother asking him what it looked like, Johnnie replied: "It looks like a great big ocean going awful fast."—Albany Journal.

A young lady at a box of the could. The could be consecuted that the could have been consecuted by the could be consecuted

A young lady at a box party one night defined a chaperon as "one who got out of the way whenever there was a chap around."

## I'm All Unstrung.

Is the remark of many a nervous individual. Is the remark of many a nervous individual, the or she will soon cease to talk that way after beginning and persisting in a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Nothing like it to renew strength and appetite and good digestion. It checks the inroads of malaria, and remedies liver complaint, constipation, dyspepsia, rheumatism and kidney disorder. It is in every sense a great household remedie

It may not be invariably true that fine feathers make fine birds, but in the case of the parrot they certainly do make a brilliant conversationalist.

Every mother should always have at hand a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing else so good for pain, weakness, colds and sleeplessness.

It's the man without much mind who always "has a mind to do" something and never does it.

with the opportunities given her the Now is the time to cure your Corns with Hindercorns It takes them out perfectly, gives comfort to the feet. Ask your druggist for it. 15c

The man who lends a hand too often frequently finds himself without a leg to stand

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"Ranson's Magio Corn Salve."

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How much easier it is to tell others how they ought to walk, than it is to step right, ourselves.

If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.

Be sure and use that old and well-tried remedy, Mas.

The locomotive builder is noted for his; engine-uity.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's Curs-for Consumption.—Mrs. Frank Mabbs, 213. W. 22d street, New York, Oct. 20, 1894.

The ability of the gas company to make both ends meet depends on the meter.

Winslow's Scotting Stays for Children Teething-

Blowing Out a Candle Through a Brick. "You wouldn't have believed it possible to blow out a candle flame through a brickbat," remarked a celebrated physician, whose penchant is to give scleatific research a practical bearing, "It can be done, however, and it illustrates the all-pervasive qualities of air. Most rooms are largely centilated through their walls, and the brick and mortar are merely very rudimentary lungs, which take in and throw out the atmosphere with little hindrance. "You may try the experiment yourself. Place a candle on the other side of your brick and use two funnels, with the flaring ends on the opposite sides of the brickbat, with the small end of one in line with your mouth and the small end of the other trained on the candle flame. The least breath will make the light fleker, and a hearty expiration will extinguish it altogether. Try it and see."—Toledo Blade. "You wouldn't have believed it possible

S. K. COBURN, Mgr., Clarle Scott, writes "I find Hall's Catarrh Cure a valuable remedy." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Advice is like snow, the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.



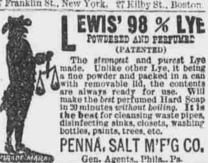
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sooking up into her face. "I am glad if I have brought you any happiness," she replied, cordially. Now, if you will bring the book that hemorrhage. ies on the table in my room I will light

"And you won't come back for the winter under no conditions?" "No, I have another engagement for this winter."

"WALKING SLOWLY ALONG."

ing around this raw day. Told her I'd

take the contract and have 'em sign

been urged upon her that morning.

venture after a protracted silence.

Mr. Todd put down his paper.

expect any fixings.

and then-Morton,"

discontentedly.

at him."

'What of Mort?"

"I told her she might board here if

"Hiram Todd! Didn't I say after we

got clear of that Anastasia Lee girl I'd

never board another woman teacher?

"Why, he's most seventeen. Who is

"I dunno. She lives in the county

seat and has a first-class certificate. She has a boss recommend from the

superintendent, too. Mort could go fur-

ther and fare worse, but she won't look

Mrs. Todd sniffed again. She did not

continue the subject, for Morton came

in just then, having distributed the

May was drawing to a close. School

and been in session a month. The new

teacher sat on the low plazza in a low

thair. Morton sat on the floor at her

The cows were milked and the kin-

iling split. It was too dark inside to

read and not dark enough for a lamp;

pesides, it was so pleasant outside.

They discussed the gossip of the neigh-

"I don't know how we got along be-

fore you came," said the boy in a senti-

mental tone, leaning back so as his

nead almost rested against her and

borhood until the night settled.

mail among the neighbors.

the, anyway?" continued Mrs. Todd,

she could put up with our ways and not

it," came from behind the paper.

Mrs. Todd sniffed. She was thinking of her own long, cold ride, which had "The deestrict needs you here," pleaded the middle-aged widower. "Where will she board?" was the next

"Your little Hattie will soon be large enough to teach the school. She is very bright and so like her mother, they tell me. You must be sure she has every advantage."

His eyes grew moist as the little girl came in.

He drew her to his knee. She was like her mother; he never noticed it much before. As the intelligent child developed

father's pride was unbounded. "I'd 'a never done it but for that teacher," he declared, and his heart warmed with gratitude for what she had done without knowing what more he wished her to do.

The housekeeper, who is still only a housekeeper, tosses her head when that

summer's teacher is mentioned "She wanted to marry bad, Tried for every male critter in the district, from Mort Todd to Barnes, but they all see through her."

And the teacher? Oh, she told her husband last night she was afraid she could never fulfill her engagement with him this winter.

"Every single man in the district had to be nipped in the bud."

Choked on Pot Ple.

Hattie Philabaum, a 5-year-old girl of Fort Wayne, Ind., was watching her sister make a beef pot pie. The little one asked for a little bite, and it was given her. She choked and in spite of the efforts of her sister in less than ten minutes the little one was dead of

CONSUMPTION

When writing to advertisers, please any that you saw the advertisement in this paper